

## POETRY

GOING SOUTH.

Singing, singing, singing, as the mists  
    click out behind;  
Blended voices drifting out their message  
    single to the wind;  
Lolling the head, while the trees  
    train southward rolls,  
Gloriously idle, with full comfort  
    of the south;  
Sped by smiling strangers, and by  
    holidays;  
Leaving, as we rumble on, a wake  
    melody:  
I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head  
    is bending  
I hear those angel voices calling O!  
    Black Joe.

Singing, singing, singing in the velvet  
    Southern night;  
Mocking birds, so winning, for we pursue  
    them to the light;  
Over whither no one knows, winding  
    their way;  
Destiny, where they lead, where  
    they lead.

gles sounding in  
valley fills,  
with the mello

die among the hills:  
So weep no more, my lady: weep no  
more today.  
We will sing the song for my old  
Kentucky home,  
For my old Kentucky home, far away  
Singing, singing, singing all the old  
folk songs we  
Saddle bays a-wining to the rhythm  
no above.  
Through Carolina's foothills and the  
Carolina pines,  
By the old mill race and of water  
melons vine,  
Over Georgia's uplands, with the  
singing birds that keep in horn,  
Singing through the sunlit South  
where had our songs were born  
Carry me back to old Virginia  
There where the corn and the cane  
sweet potatoes grow,  
There where the blue warble sweet  
sings in the trees,  
There where the poor old darkey  
heart am long to go  
—Sung by Mrs. Mary  
Trecup A. First New Jersey Cavalry  
en route to Annapolis, Md., Sept.

### FOR OF THE

"Do you recognize the profession?" asked the small-time vaudeville performer, extending his card to the manager of a No. 1 company. "I'm a corporation lawyer at once with nothing else doing in the way of passes," Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Dine with me tomorrow at the M.C. club," said the other.

"Sorry, old man—but I really can't do so tomorrow. I'm going to see Hamlet."

"Oh, bring him along with you to see it well," Cassell's Saturday Journal.

"Do you think Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays?"

"I tell you the truth, I don't much care."

"I didn't use to. But I'm trying to open up the controversy that'll give my mind of the war," Washington Post.

(to rebellious  
tell me you  
on Well, pass

"I say when I mean I mean? I worry?—Topsel Capital.

"The rule of despots is about over here."

"What are you talking about?"

"But put kings and knaves out of my mind. I mean the rule of the world."

"The job."—Detroit Free Press.

"He said he was a millionaire's son and find he is working for it."

"That looks suspicious! A millionaire's son couldn't get over himself."

Phyllis.

"Maybe he hasn't found himself yet," consoled the confidential friend.

"Oh, yes."

""Gifted" queried the father, "well, I should say he is. Everything he does is given to him."—Harper Magazine.

"Do you think it is right, mamma, for him to spend all that money on me?"

"Why not? If he isn't going to marry you, you are as much his as if he were. He is only establishing a proper precedent."—Judge.

"Some men have greatness thrust upon them."

"One of the  
rs in our comp

Mr. Bacon—Did you make these biscuits wife?

Mrs. Bacon—I did.

Mr. Bacon—They're smaller than usual, aren't they?

Mrs. Bacon—They are yes. That's why you'll have less to find fault with. —Yonkers Statesman.

**THE KALIFOSCOPE**

Turks claim to have dropped bombs on the port of Vathy, in the island of Samos.

Colonel Manuel Coronado, member of the Cuban Senate and editor of the newspaper "La Oculacion," has announced the organization of an expedition unit, which, with complete equipment, will be offered to the Cuban government. The "Escuadra Cubana" will be the first body of fighting men from Cuba to serve on the French soil.

Forewärts, in referring to the new Patriotic League under the presidency of Duke Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg and Admiral Tillypitz, says: "It will be the new aristocracy of England of the formation of new parties."

Now the  
have been

The English malady,"

King Alexander of Greece, in receiving the Grand Parliamentary Committee charged to hand him the response of the Chamber to the speech of Mr. Theodor said that the Chamber would find in him not only the faithful guardian of the Constitution and national traditions, but also the sincere collaborator in all decisions tending to the realization of the national aims.

J. C. WITTER ..... Auctioneer  
Auction Rooms, Evans Block,  
Danielson, Conn.

On account of being drafted, I will sell at

**PUBLIC AUCTION**

FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1917,  
at 10.30 o'clock a. m.

50 head of High Grade Holstein Cow  
and Heifers, ranging from 1 year  
old to 10 years old, in excellent  
condition, as choice a lot as will pass under the  
hammer this fall. Don't fail to attend  
this sale, as there are also some  
excellent hay, wagons, tools, machinery  
and other household goods, and  
50 head of chickens. My pair of gra-  
m harness is also for sale privately.  
This sale will be held at the  
Windham county, well rated, well  
mannered and clever, worth 3000.  
My place is located on quarter 3000  
off the road leading from Brooklyn  
Village to Danielson, Conn., and  
is known as the Hill Farm, and is  
owned by  
**HAROLD A. COPELAND**